

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review ;

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Review of New Books.

The Cambrian Plutarch ; comprising Memoirs of some of the most Eminent Welshmen, from the Earliest Times to the Present. By JOHN H. PARRY, Esq. 8vo. pp. 385. London, 1824.

AFTER ages of neglect, the literature, antiquities, and history of Cambria, are beginning to excite attention. Except the imperfect tales of some traveller, we had scarcely a work devoted to the subject, to which we could recur, and then the scantiness or incorrectness of the details rather disappointed than pleased us ; and we remained in greater ignorance of an integral part of our own island than of many distant countries. Even Wales, though never wanting in men of talent, has not done justice to herself ; and, as the author of the *Cambrian Plutarch* well observes,—

“While the national peculiarities, whether in manners or literature, of Scotland and Ireland, have been industriously explored, and, in many instances, successfully developed, Wales has been regarded with an indifference not easily to be reconciled with that spirit of enterprise by which the literary republic of Great Britain is known to be animated. Some efforts, it is true, have been made to describe the peculiar habits and customs of the Welsh ; but, in most instances, these, instead of being faithful portraits, have been mere idle caricatures. The writers have, for the most part, enjoyed few or none of those advantages which are indispensable to a just delineation of national characteristics, and many of them have been content to adopt, without examination, the imperfect or distorted sketches of others. To these and similar causes it is owing that so much indifference, to speak generally, has been manifested towards any thing relating to the national features of Wales. The public have judged, upon grounds sufficiently plausible, that a country, of which so little that is interesting has hitherto been divulged, can possess but few resources either for their instruction or entertainment.”

The national pride of Cambria, however, seems at length to be roused, and her sons now draw the pen as promptly as in ancient times they drew their swords to defend her honour and assert her rights. To few individuals, we believe, is the public so much indebted for exciting an interest in favour of the history of Wales as to Mr. Parry ; and he has not only originated a periodical work exclusively devoted to the subject, and

which he conducted with great talent, but he has written many papers, some of which have been read before the Cymmrodorion, in which he has ably and ardently illustrated the literature and antiquities of his country.

The *Cambrian Plutarch* is a work of great research and of no ordinary difficulty, as the materials, if not few, were so widely scattered, that they required great industry to collect them together. Once collected, in the hands of a writer of Mr. Parry's talents, they soon assumed the shape of a connected and well-ordered narrative. The *Cambrian Plutarch* is the first effort that has been made to combine, under one view, any enlarged biographical notices of the more eminent natives of the principality. The memoirs are not numerous, but they have been selected from a host of other *Cambrian* works, as persons identified with the land of their birth by the promotion of its literary and political interests ; the lives are arranged in a chronological order, commencing with the beginning of the sixth century ; it is, therefore, not only a collection of distinct memoirs, but a sort of connected literary and political history of Wales during a long and interesting period. The memoirs are extremely well written, and display much critical acuteness, and an ardent and we are sure, correct estimate of the literature of Wales, particularly its poetry. The style of Mr. Parry might form a model for works of this sort ; it is both elegant and correct, and his memoirs are, at the same time, clear, luminous, and circumstantial ; nothing extraneous is inserted, nor does the author appear to omit or undervalue any fact essential to his subject. In the earlier memoirs the author laboured under a great difficulty, that of separating truth from the fictions of romance with which tradition had clothed it. This is particularly the case in the memoir of the renowned Prince Arthur, who, when shorn of the virtues attributed to him by legendary biographers, possesses a character sufficiently eminent to entitle him to an honourable place in the *Cambrian Plutarch*. Mr. Parry, after giving the real events of his life, says :—

“The fame of Arthur must continue chiefly to rest, as it hitherto has, upon his military celebrity ; but it appears from the *Triads*, that he also aspired to a more tranquil sort of renown. For he is numbered among the “irregular bards of the isle of Britain,” in consequence of the incompatibility of the bardic profession, as anciently existing in this island, with the general tenour of Arthur's occupations. This, together with

the patronage he afforded to his bardic contemporaries, and especially to Merddin and Llywarch Hen, sufficiently indicates his partiality to poetical pursuits, however he may have wanted the necessary leisure or talent to cultivate them to advantage. One triplet only, ascribed to him, has survived the wreck of time ; and, from the simplicity of its structure, it seems to have the characteristics of a genuine composition. It merely designates, without any effort at poetical ornament, his three “chief battle-horsemen,” a theme, it must be allowed, by no means unlikely to have employed the strains of a warrior.”

In the life of Aneurin, Mr. Parry enters into a critical estimate of Welsh poetry, which, he admits, cannot compete with the more celebrated productions of a Homer, a Virgil, or a Pope. He says :—

“Among the general causes to which the peculiar attributes of Welsh poetry are to be traced, may be noticed, in the first place, the singular institution of bardism, formerly existing among the Cymry, and which appears to have grown out of the still more ancient system ascribed to the Druids. The bards, indeed, composed, originally, one of the orders of the Druidical institution ; and when, in process of time, that political fabric was deprived of its primitive importance, they seemed to have formed themselves into a distinct association. Some memorials of the regulations, to which this new institution was subject, as well as of their singular tenets, still survive ; but they are, for the most part, so interpolated with the metaphysical subtleties of later times, that it is scarcely possible to distinguish the genuine from the spurious. Enough, however, remains to show, that poetry formed an especial object of the care and cultivation of the bards, whose name has, accordingly, become synonymous with the sons of song. Hence the art was submitted to a strict discipline and a peculiar system of rules ; and it cannot be deemed surprising, if the earlier effusions of the Welsh poets were also impregnated with the mystical doctrines of bardism, as, indeed, may be proved to have been the case from some compositions still extant. The bards, thus regarding poetry as a necessary part of their institution, were naturally desirous of rendering it an appropriate medium of the doctrinal or historical lore, which they thus treasured. To this it must be, in a great measure, ascribed, that Welsh poetry combines a richer store of metres than was, perhaps, ever known to that of any other nation, and which have been progressively increas-

ed, by the refinements of subsequent times, to the number of twenty-four. These are all dependent on a certain principle of alliteration, called *cynghanedd*, which, being peculiar to Welsh prosody, invests the strains, over which it presides, with a certain original air, not easily to be explained to any ignorant of the Welsh tongue. But the influence of the bardic institution on the ancient poetry of Wales was not confined to its metrical embellishment. It was also productive of a more essential and a more honourable distinction in the love of truth, which it inculcated in its votaries. For "the truth against the world" was not only a favourite axiom of the bards, but was also adopted as the motto of the order, and the vital principle of its proceedings; and, by a natural transition, it became a predominant feature of their poetical productions. For this reason it is, that, in matters of history, the poets have always been consulted as the faithful chroniclers of their times, while, by a singular contrast, the oldest prose compositions are regarded, for the most part, as the mere vehicles of romance and of fiction. This inversion of the ordinary character of the respective species of writing is, perhaps, peculiar to Wales.

"Another and a material source of the native originality of the Cambrian muse is to be found in the particular characteristics of the Welsh language. Its oriental extraction, the copious significance of its simple terms, with the facilities resulting from the combination of these, added to the grammatical structure of the language, have conspired to enhance this distinction by means of the various and novel sources of rhythmical harmony, which they have created. From this combination of accidents it has resulted, that the poetry of Wales, and more particularly that of ancient times, conveys to the ear of a person, uninformed of its peculiar properties, something unintelligible and obscure. And any attempt to explain it through the medium of a literal translation must necessarily prove unsatisfactory, as wanting those aids which give to the original the greatest portion of its beauty and energy. Nor is it possible, even in a poetical version, to preserve all the sententious brevity, with the sudden transitions and occasional boldness of figurative expression, peculiar to the muse of the Cymry.

"A third general cause of the literary phenomenon under discussion, and in some degree connected with the one last noticed, is the alliance that has ever existed between the songs of the bard and the strains of the musician. This has been the natural consequence of the harmonious properties already adverted to as inherent in the Welsh tongue. Hence arose the national custom of singing with the harp, known in Wales from time immemorial, and not yet extinct. The prevalence of this practice has, no doubt, contributed greatly to the formation of that rigid code of laws by which Welsh poetry is governed, and may have occasioned certain metrical symphonies to be studied at the expense of those loftier aspirations that confer dignity and immortality on the

effusions of the muse. A desire to instruct the mind, or to delight the fancy, seems generally to have had less influence on the poet than an anxiety to pour his fascinations upon the ear."

Mr. Parry dwells with much apparent pleasure on the memoirs of the early Welsh poets, pointing out their peculiar merits and faults, and examining them critically; and illustrating his remarks by extracts and translations. Among the worthies whose memoirs appear in this volume, is Hywel Dda, or Howell the Good, the Welsh Justinian:—

"When he had succeeded to his patrimonial possessions, he had soon an opportunity of witnessing the numerous abuses which were prevalent in Wales, owing to the diversity and uncertainty of the existing laws; and no sooner had he made this discovery, than he resolved upon using his best exertions towards providing a remedy for the evil. Accordingly, as a preliminary step towards this patriotic design, he set out for Rome, as we learn from the historian Caradog, in the year 926, accompanied by three Welsh bishops, for the purpose of obtaining such information as might aid his views, and especially with a desire of ascertaining the particular laws that were in force in Britain, while it was under the sway of the Roman emperors.

"To whatever extent Hywel may have succeeded in the object of this journey—one at that period of no ordinary magnitude—it appears certain that he made little or no use of the imperial code in that which he subsequently compiled for the government of his subjects. He had, no doubt, the discrimination to perceive, that the Roman laws had been framed for a people of habits essentially different from those of his own countrymen at the period in question. More than four centuries had weaned the Britons alike from the empire and customs of Rome; and thus, left again to themselves, they had resumed their ancient laws and institutions, subject only to those changes and disorders which the alteration of times, and the prevalence of intestine divisions, were so well calculated to introduce.

"Upon Hywel's return from Rome, he seems to have lost no time in prosecuting still farther the important design he had undertaken. With this view, he immediately summoned a national convention or council, at the White House on the Taw, the same that, under the name of Whitland Abbey, had been before celebrated as the place at which St. David received his education, and of which some ruins are still to be seen. This council was composed of six of the wisest and most discreet men out of every commote in Wales, and of one hundred and forty ecclesiastics of various degrees, together with all the chiefs of tribes, and other persons of noble rank in the principality; thus constituting an assembly not very dissimilar, in its formation, from that which has since become the glory of the whole island under the name of the parliament. It was at the beginning of Lent that Hywel convoked this council, and, actuated as well per-

haps by a consideration of the particular period as by the magnitude of the object he had in view, he remained with the whole assembly in prayer and fasting throughout the holy season, "craving," according to one of the Welsh historians, "the assistance and direction of God's holy spirit, that he might reform the laws and customs of the country of Wales, to the honour of God and the quiet government of the people." Whatever our less rigid notions of piety may teach us in these times to think of this ceremony, it must be allowed to have been in conformity with the manners of that age, and not wholly at variance with the interesting importance of the occasion.

"When, at the end of Lent, these preliminary solemnities were brought to a close, Hywel gave directions, that twelve of the most experienced individuals should be set apart from the number present, in order that, with the assistance of Blegwryd, chancellor of Llandav, and the most distinguished scholar and lawyer of that age, they should proceed to a revision of the ancient laws of Wales, so that such only might be retained as were conducive to good government, and applicable to the particular character of the times. Blegwryd and his associates entered immediately on the task, and, after a careful and laborious research, concurred, according to the testimony of Caradog, in selecting the laws of Dyvnwal Moelmuad as the foundation of the new code. These were accordingly reduced to a systematic form, and, with appropriate illustrations, submitted to the judgment of the national convention, by whom they were finally adopted with such additions and alterations as the changes of manners and circumstances had made necessary.

"When this was done, the new laws received the sanction of Hywel, who, in order that the occasion might not want its full measure of ceremonial solemnity, directed, that "the malediction of God, of that assembly, and of all Wales, should be invoked against all such as should violate them, as well as against those by whom they might be corruptly administered." Thus were these famous institutes established by the national vote, with the consent of the sovereign, according to the ancient usage of Wales."

As we shall devote another page or two to a further notice of the Cambrian Plutarch, we must say—To be continued.

Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron. By R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

(Continued from p. 754.)

IN our last notice, we left Lord Byron on his travels: he returned in July, 1811. Soon after his return, he made Mr. Dallas a present of the MS. of his *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. Although this work professes to be the *Recollections of Lord Byron's Life*, it cannot be concealed, that a great part of it relates to Mr. Dallas, and contains extracts from various letters he wrote to his lordship, in which he was very liberal of his moral advice. That these letters were

written with a view to the publication of them has been at least probably ascertained by Mr. Dallas:—

"Lord Byron's times evinced in his opinions and opinions remarkable. When informed that the had seduced a res his own station in ed his opinion ve felt it impossible s conceived our fir doing harm, yet he was to exert all harm we may have case in question, t to marry, as they es—if the girl ha seducer, money v sufficient compe sanction in his te do himself. He committed many c termed to amen determination, thi his example. He should restore th ciety."

Lord Byron wa Harold should ap but at last cons much difficulty in some stanzas of a again, the variou interesting:—

"There were se ed the leaning of openly acknowledged state; and stand. I urged could devise, not priat; and I had finding him yield my arguments. I importance, that lished to the wor moderate, compa with which his sui emed the fame t keeping fair, till should love to h which I fondly lo possible, but near thus—

"Frown not upon Look not for life I am no sneerer Thou pitiest me, Thou bold disco Of happy isles an I ask thee not to Still dream of I where, But lov'st too wel share."

The stanza that h sulate for this, w "Yet if, as holies A land of souls b To shame the do

written with a view to future publication, we will not say, but the care with which copies of them have been preserved renders it at least probable. At this period, Mr. Dallas says:—

“Lord Byron’s moral feelings were sometimes evinced in a manner which the writings and opinions of his later life render remarkable. When he was abroad, he was informed that the son of one of his tenants had seduced a respectable young person in his own station in life. On this he expressed his opinion very strongly. Although he felt it impossible strictly to perform what he conceived our first duty, to abstain from doing harm, yet he thought our second duty was to exert all our power to repair the harm we may have done. In the particular case in question, the parties ought forthwith to marry, as they were in equal circumstances—if the girl had been the inferior of the seducer, money would be even then an insufficient compensation. He would not sanction in his tenants what he would not do himself. He had, indeed, as *God knew*, committed many excesses, but as he had determined to amend, and latterly kept to his determination, this young man must follow his example. He insisted that the seducer should restore the unfortunate girl to society.”

Lord Byron was anxious that his *Childe Harold* should appear without his name, but at last consented. Mr. Dallas had much difficulty in persuading him to omit some stanzas of a sceptical nature, and here, again, the variorum notes of Mr. D. are interesting:—

“There were several stanzas which showed the leaning of his mind; but, in one, he openly acknowledged his disbelief of a future state; and against this I made my stand. I urged him by every argument I could devise, not to allow it to appear in print; and I had the great gratification of finding him yield to my entreaties, if not to my arguments. It has, alas! become of no importance, that these lines should be published to the world—they are exceedingly moderate, compared with the blasphemy with which his suicidal pen has since blackened the fame that I was so desirous of keeping fair, till the time came when he should love to have it fair—a period to which I fondly looked forward, as not only possible, but near. The original stanza ran thus—

“Frown not upon me, churlish priest! that I
Look not for life where life may never be;
I am no sneerer at thy phantasy;
Thou pitiest me,—alas! I envy thee,
Thou bold discoverer in an unknown sea
Of happy isles and happier tenants there;
I ask thee not to prove a Sadducee.
Still dream of Paradise, thou know’st not
where,
But lov’st too well to bid thine erring brother
share.”

The stanza that he at length sent me to substitute for this, was that beautiful one—

“Yet if, as holiest men have deemed, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee,

And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore,
How sweet it were in concert to adore,
With those who made our mortal labours
light!

To hear each voice we fear’d to hear no more!
Behold each mighty shade reveal’d to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian Sage, and all who taught
the right!”

How well Lord Byron could write every one knows, but he had great distrust of his oratorical powers, and even wrote his maiden speech for the House of Lords, of which Mr. D. gives a copy; a less poetical subject could scarcely have been selected for his *debut*—it was on the subject of the Nottingham cotton-spinners. Connected with *Childe Harold*, there is a curious instance of the absurdity of anticipatory inspections, as our friend of the *Gazette* calls them, but which we denominate the puffs prelude. Mr. D., with great simplicity, says, he was more anxious for the success of the poem than its author, nor are we surprised, when he was to have the profits. He says:—

“I really believe that I was more anxious than its author about the reception of the poem, the progress of which I had been superintending with great pleasure for some months; and by that anxiety I was led into a precipitate compliance with the solicitations of the printers of the last edition of the satire, who were proprietors and editors of a literary journal, to favour them with an early review of the poem. I not only wrote it, but gave it to them, in the beginning of February; telling them that the work would be out in the middle of that month, but at the same time charging them to take care not to print it before the poem was published. The 1st of March arrived—the poem did not appear—the review did. I was vexed—it had the appearance of an eulogium prematurely hurried before the public by a friend, if not by the author himself. I was uneasy, lest it should strike Lord Byron in this light; and it was very likely that some good-natured friend or other would expedite his notice of the review. It fortunately happened that the 1st of the month fell on a Sunday, and that Lord Byron spent it at Harrow, if I recollect rightly, with his old tutor, Dr. Drury, and did not return to St. James’s Street till Monday evening. On Tuesday I got a copy of the *Pilgrimage*, and hastened with it to him. Lord Valentia had been beforehand in carrying him the review. “I shall be set down for the writer of it,” cried he. I told him the fact as it stood. The flattering excitement to which I had yielded, and the examination of the volume I then put into his hand, dispersed all unpleasant feeling on the occasion; and I assured him that I would take an opportunity of making it publicly known that I had done it without his knowledge. But this was unnecessary; for the publisher of *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage* had already spread it sufficiently, as I had informed him of it: and far from any harm resulting, it proved no bad advertisement of the publication, which was ready for every inquirer, as fast as the binder could put up the sheets into boards. The blunder passed unobserved;

eclipsed by the dazzling brilliancy of the object which had caused it. The attention of the public was universally fixed upon the poem; and in a very few days the whole impression was disposed of. It was not till he had this convincing proof, that Lord Byron had confidence of its success. On the day he received the first copy in boards he talked of my making an agreement at once with the publisher, if he would offer a hundred or a hundred and fifty guineas for the copyright. I declared I would not; and in three days after, the publisher talked of being able perhaps to make an offer of three if not four hundred pounds; for he had not a doubt now of the sale, and that the edition would go off in less than three months. It went off in three days.”

The effect of Lord Byron’s popularity is striking:—

“Glory darted thick upon him from all sides; from the Prince Regent and his admirable daughter, to the bookseller and his shopman; from Walter Scott to * * * *; from Jeffrey to the nameless critics of the *Satirist*, *Scourge*, &c. He was the wonder of greybeards, and the show of fashionable parties. At one of these, he happened to go early when there were very few persons assembled; the Regent went in soon after; Lord Byron was at some distance from him in the room. On being informed who he was, his royal highness sent a gentleman to him to desire that he would be presented. The presentation of course took place; the Regent expressed his admiration of *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage*, and continued a conversation, which so fascinated the poet, that had it not been for an accidental deferring of the next levee, he bade fair to become a visitor at Carlton House, if not a complete courtier.

“I called on him on the morning for which the levee had been appointed, and found him in a full-dress court suit of clothes, with his fine black hair in powder, which by no means suited his countenance. I was surprised, as he had not told me that he should go to court; and it seemed to me as if he thought it necessary to apologize for his intention, by his observing, that he could not in decency but do it, as the Regent had done him the honour to say that he hoped to see him soon at Carlton House. In spite of his assumed philosophical contempt of royalty, and of his decided junction with the opposition, he had not been able to withstand the powerful operation of royal praise; which, however, continued to influence him only till flattery of a more congenial kind diverted him from the enjoyment of that which for a moment he was disposed to receive. The levee had been suddenly put off, and he was dressed before he was informed of the alteration which had taken place.

“It was the first and the last time he was ever so dressed, at least for a British court. A newly-made friend of his

* * * * *

Lord Byron was more than half prepared to yield to this influence; and the harsh vers

that proceeded from his pen, were, I believe, composed more to humour his new friend's passions than his own. Certain it is, he gave up all ideas of appearing at court, and fell into the habit of speaking disrespectfully of the prince.

But his poem flew to every part of the kingdom, indeed of the world; his fame hourly increased; and he all at once found himself "translated to the spheres," and complimented by all, with an elevated character, possessing youthful brilliancy, alas! without the stamens necessary to support it.

A gratifying compliment was paid him on the appearance of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, by the order given by the Princess Charlotte for its being magnificently bound. It was displayed for some days in Ebers's shop, in Bond Street. Lord Byron was highly pleased when I described it to him.

A Narrative of the Conversion and Death of Count Struensee, &c. By DR. MUNTER. 8vo. pp. 233. London, 1824.

THIS is a reprint of a curious book, with an introduction and notes, by the late Rev. Thomas Rennell. The count, it is well known, was a favourite at the court of Denmark, and prime minister; he was suspected of being too intimate with Matilda, the queen of Christian VII., and sister of our late sovereign. Dr. Munter was his religious attendant in his last moments, and prepared him for his fate, when he had been sentenced to death. The conferences which were held between them are interesting; we have, however, only room for a portion of the last, which took place on the morning of his execution, on the 28th of April, 1772. Dr. Munter found him lying on a couch, ready dressed for his execution, and reading a volume of sermons on the sufferings of Christ. The count said:—

"I was thinking, last night, whether it might not strengthen me in my way to death, if I was to fill my fancy with agreeable images of eternity and future bliss. I might have used, for this purpose, Lavater's Prospects into Eternity: but I will not venture to do this. I rather think it better to take this great step in cool consideration. Fancy, if once put in agitation, can soon take a false turn. It could dismiss (perhaps) at once, my agreeable and pleasing prospects of eternity, and eagerly catch at the formidable circumstances of death, by which means I fear that I should be unmanned. Even in going to the place of execution, I will not indulge it, but rather employ my reason in meditating on the walk of Christ to his death, and apply it to myself."

He now asked me: "How far am I permitted to keep up my fortitude by natural means? For instance: by endeavouring to retain my presence of mind, and not to permit myself to be carried away by imagination and fancy." I answered,

"If God has given you a certain strength of soul, it is his will that you should make use of it, in those moments when you stand most in need of it. But no inward pride or

any ill-founded complacency is to interfere. You are to do nothing merely for the sake of being applauded by the spectators on account of your resolution and composure.—I should even dislike to see you conceal the natural fear of death. He said:—

"I am certainly not inclined to make any show before men. Nothing can be now more desirable to me than to please God, and to conquer the terrors of death. If I should force myself to appear outwardly different from what I am within, it would happen to me what happens to a man who is to speak to an eminent person, and has well considered every thing he is going to say, but now begins to stammer, and, by endeavouring to prevent this, becomes quite speechless. I shall, as much as lies in my power, direct my thought towards God, and not disturb myself by studying to satisfy the expectation of the spectators. Therefore, I shall say nothing on the scaffold, but what you yourself shall give me occasion for."

"I assure you, said I, I shall give you very few opportunities for it; the scaffold is neither for you nor for me the place for speaking much. When you are there, it will be your business to strengthen your thoughts as much as possible, 'forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before.'"

Dr. Munter accompanied him in the carriage to the scaffold, and thus concludes the sad catastrophe:—

"Though I could not see the scaffold, yet I guessed, from the motion of the spectators, that it was Struensee's turn to mount it. I endeavoured to prepare him for it by a short prayer, and within a few moments we were called. He passed with decency and humbleness through the spectators, and bowed to some of them. With some difficulty he mounted the stairs. When we came up, I spoke very concisely, and with a low voice, upon these words of Christ: 'He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.' It would have been impossible for me to speak much and loud, even if I had attempted it."

"I observe here, that he showed not the least affectation in his conduct upon the scaffold: I found him to be one who knew that he was to die, on account of his crimes, by the hands of the executioner. He was pale, it was difficult for him to speak, the fear of death was visible in his whole countenance; but, at the same time, submission, calmness, and hope, were expressed in his air and deportment."

His sentence, and afterwards the king's confirmation of it, were read to him; his coat of arms was publicly shown, and broken to pieces. During the time that his chains were taking off, I put the following questions to him:—Are you truly sorry for all those actions by which you have offended God and men?

"You know my late sentiments on this point, and I assure you they are this very moment still the same."

"Do you trust in the redemption of Christ, as the only ground of your being pardoned before God?"

"I know no other means of receiving God's mercy, and I trust in this alone."

"Do you leave this world without hatred or malice against any person whatever?"

"I hope nobody hates me personally; and as for the rest, you know my sentiments on this head,—they are the same as I told you just before."

"I then laid my hand upon his head, saying:—Then go in peace whither God calls you! His grace be with you!"

He then began to undress, and inquired of the executioners how far he was to uncover himself, and desired them to assist him. He then hastened towards the block, that was stained and still reeking with the blood of his friend, laid himself quickly down, and endeavoured to fit his neck and chin properly into it. When his hand was cut off, his whole body fell into convulsions. The very moment when the executioner lifted up the axe to cut off his hand, I began to pronounce slowly the words; "Remember Jesus Christ crucified, who died, but is risen again." Before I had finished these words, both hand and head, severed from the body, lay before my feet.

Time's Telescope for 1825.

WHEN Rich, the comedian, who played one of the original characters in the *Beggar's Opera*, was out in his part, on the thirtieth or fortieth night of the performance, he was reproached for it, as he had a good memory, and ought to have been perfect from practice. He replied,—"What! do you expect a man's memory to last for ever?" In the same spirit, we may say to the editor of *Time's Telescope*,—"Do you expect our approbation of your work to last for ever?" And, in good truth, it will last as long as we live to criticise and he to publish, if he continues to render his volumes as interesting as the twelfth (and, we may add, the previous eleven) must be acknowledged to be. Indeed, we have no hesitation in saying that it improves every year.

The volume now before us, instead of a treatise on some science (the circle of which has been nearly accomplished in former volumes) contains an excellent history of English sacred poetry, by Mr. Ryan, whose *Poems on Sacred Subjects*, and other works, have been very favorably received by the public. Mr. Ryan displays a deep acquaintance with his subject, and much good taste in his illustrative selections from the most eminent writers of English sacred poetry, from Chaucer to Maturin. There is also a Christmas carol written by Mr. Ryan, set to music expressly for the work; some original poems by Mr. Wiffen and Mr. Alexander Balfour; contemporary and other biography; and other attractive subjects; together with the usual variety and standard articles of *Time's Telescope*. There is also a description of culinary vegetables, very amusing to read, and very useful to refer to. We shall, however, pass over this, and quote a few articles of a miscellaneous nature, relating to customs observed on particular days; and first of St. Blase, patron of the

woolcombers, w
3rd of February:

"In Mr. Ma
Manners and C
the Eighteenth C
related, that on
queen's birth-day
dred woolcombers
over their cloth
woollen caps on
gate, whence the
James's Palace,
their company,
representing Bis
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In Mr. Malcolm's *Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London during the Eighteenth Century* (vol. i, p. 288), it is related, that on the anniversary of the queen's birth-day (March 3, 1730), *one hundred woolcombers* assembled, with their shirts over their clothes, and various coloured woollen caps on their heads, in Bishopsgate, whence they went in procession to St. James's Palace, preceded by the steward of their company, and a person on horseback representing Bishop Blase, in wigs of wool, neatly curled; the bishop carried a woolcomb in one hand, and a prayer-book in the other. They arranged themselves in the park facing the palace, and their leader addressed the king and queen, who appeared at a window, thanking his majesty for the encouragement they had received, and entreating his future protection.

The order of St. Blase and the Virgin Mary was ecclesiastical as well as military; and it took place soon after that of the Knights Templars. The badge of the order was a red cross, and in the centre was a medallion with the image of St. Blase enamelled. When the knights of this order assembled in chapter, or set out on any military expedition, they wore on their breast the same badge embroidered on a white habit.

From St. Blase we pass to St. Andrew, a more seasonable subject, as his day was on Tuesday, the 30th of November:—

St. Andrew is the tutelary saint of Scotland, and accordingly his fête is still celebrated in that part of the united kingdom. A procession, which took place on the 30th of November, 1823, at a border town, is thus described:—First came a band of music, then four or five young men, with drawn swords, and in kilts; and next, St. Andrew, on a white charger, with blue robe and bonnet, and a most saint-like quantum of white flowing beard; the rear was brought up by fifteen or sixteen smart well-made fellows, in dress and order similar to those who led the van. In this style, the mimic tutelary saint of Scotland was escorted through Scotch and English streets, to the lodging of the commanding officer, where his saintship made a long speech in broad Scotch doggerel rhyme. The captain very politely came down and saluted his venerable visitor, and was presented with snuff in a spoon, taken from a mull large enough for Pomona's cornucopia. These important ceremonies were concluded by a procession round the town.

Christmas is so near, that we need make no apology for quoting an account of the customs prevalent in London nearly a century ago, avowedly taken from *Read's Weekly Journal* of January 6, 1731:—

"My house," says this observer, "is directly opposite to a great church; and it was with much pleasure I observed from my window, last Christmas Day, the numerous poor that waited at the doors very liberally relieved; but my joy was soon over, for no sooner were the charitable congregation dispersed, but these wretches, who be-

fore appeared the very pictures of misery, forgot their cant, and fell to quarrelling about the dividend: oaths and curses flew about amongst them very plentifully, and passion grew so high, that they fell hard upon one another's faults. In short, I learned from their own mouths that they were all impostors, both men and women; and that, amongst their whole number, which was very large, there was not one object of charity. When they had tired themselves with scolding, they very lovingly adjourned to a neighbouring brandy shop, from whence they returned in a condition neither fit for me to describe nor you to hear.

The next day I met with another wonder; for, by that time I was up, my servants could do nothing but run to the door. Inquiring the meaning, I was answered, the people were come for their *Christmas-box*: this was logic to me; but I found at last, that, because I had laid out a great deal of ready-money with my brewer, baker, and other tradesmen, they kindly thought it my duty to present their servants with some money for the favour of having their goods. This provoked me a little; but, being told it was the custom, I complied. These were followed by the watch, beadles, dustmen, and an innumerable tribe; but what vexed me the most was the clerk, who has an extraordinary place, and makes as good an appearance as most tradesmen in the parish; to see him come a-boxing, *alias begging*. I thought it was intolerable; however, I found it was the custom too, so I gave him half-a-crown; as I was likewise obliged to do to the bellman, for breaking my rest for many nights together.

"Having talked this matter over with a friend, he promised to carry me where I might see the good effects of this giving box-money. In the evening, away we went to a neighbouring alehouse, where abundance of these gentry were assembled round a stately piece of roast beef, and as large a plum pudding. When the drink and brandy began to work, they fell to reckoning of their several gains that day: one was called a stingy dog for giving but sixpence; another called an extravagant fool for giving half-a-crown, which perhaps he might want before the year was out: so I found these good people were never to be pleased. Some of them were got to cards by themselves, which soon produced a quarrel and broken heads. In the interim, came in some of their wives, who roundly abused the people for having given them money; adding, that, instead of doing good, it ruined their families, and set them in a road of drinking and gaming, which never ceased, till not only their gifts, but their wages, were gone. One good woman said, if people had a mind to give charity, they should send it home to their families: I was very much of her opinion; but, being tired with the noise, we left them to agree as they could.

"My friend next carried me to the upper end of Piccadilly, where, one pair of stairs over a stable, we found near an hundred people of both sexes, some masked,

others not, a great part of which were dancing to the music of two sorry fiddles. It is impossible to describe this medley of mortals fully; however, I will do it as well as I can. There were footmen, servant-maids, butchers, apprentices, oyster and orange-women, common prostitutes, and sharpers, which appeared to be the best of the company. This horrid place seemed to me a complete nursery for the gallows. My friend informed me, it was called a *three-penny hop*; and while we were talking, to my great satisfaction, by order of the Westminster justices, to their immortal honour, entered the constables and their assistants, who carried off all the company that was left; and, had not my friend been known to them, we might have paid dear for our curiosity.

"I believe I have almost tired you, as well as myself, with an account of the lower sort of diversions. I come next to expatiate on the *entertainment and good cheer* I met with in the city, whither my friend carried me to dinner these holydays. It was the house of an eminent and worthy merchant; and though, sir, I have been accustomed, in my own county, to what may very well be called good house-keeping, yet, I assure you, I should have taken this dinner to have been provided for a whole parish, rather than about a dozen gentlemen. It is impossible for me to give you half our bill of fare; so you must be content to know that we had turkeys, geese, capons, puddings of a dozen sorts, more than I had ever seen in my life; besides brawn, roast beef, and many things of which I know not the names; mince-pies in abundance, and a thing they call *plum-pottage*, which may be good, for aught I know, though it seems to me to have fifty different tastes. Our wines were of the best, as were all the rest of our liquors; in short, the God of Plenty seemed to reign here: and, to make every thing perfect, our company was polite, and every way agreeable; nothing but mirth and loyal healths went round."

We have to add, that *Time's Telescope* is embellished with a well-executed frontispiece, and a *fac-simile* of a letter written by Lord Byron to Colonel Stanhope.

Decision: a Tale. By MRS. HOFLAND. 12mo. pp. 272. London, 1824.

In our number of the 20th ult., we copied from the German an excellent little critique upon the productions of the author now before us; and, upon our again turning to it after perusing the present volume, we cannot but express our entire coincidence with the aptitude of those comments. Mrs. Hofland does indeed possess 'an admirable talent for narrative'; 'her sketches of domestic life' may truly be said to be 'well drawn'; and this tale, like its predecessors, contains another 'impressive lesson, given with unaffected ease, full of truth and vigour, which seem the effect of a happy inspiration.' We must, however, remark, that the heroine is rather an uncommon character, almost too romantic and enthu-

siastic; but, as the author states that it is drawn from the life, we cannot reasonably object to it. By way of extract, we shall select some portions of the first chapter, in which this heroine is introduced to the reader:—

“More than half a century has now elapsed, since a party, assembled round the tea-table of Mrs. Falconer, were busy in commenting on the conduct, and lamenting the ruin of one of their acquaintance, once a wealthy manufacturer in the neighbouring town of B—.

“The topic was discussed (as such things usually are) with different views of the case, according to the original characters, or the relative situations of the speakers, nearly all of whom had, in their own persons or their connections, some sympathies with the party, except the lady of the house, whose attention was at this moment given rather to the hospitable attentions due to her guests, than the subject of their discussion; but her little daughter, a child of about eleven years old, who was generally too much of a romp to confine herself in the drawing-room, yet too intelligent to suffer any thing interesting to escape her when there, was observed to glance her bright eye from one speaker to another, and shake back the profusion of long ringlets which covered her neck, with an eagerness to catch every sound, that indicated how much her mind was employed on the subject.

“Mr. Williams was imprudent; he trusted the house of Burns and Son too far, lost a great deal, and could never recover it,” said one.

“How should he?” said another, “since the expenses of his family were not lessened, and they were just at that period when young people are inevitably expensive.

“Yes, indeed—they kept much company, dressed well, and were seen every where,” observed a third.—“Had Mrs. Williams been prudent, I think something might have been done to save them from this total overthrow.”

“Poor woman!” exclaimed a Mrs. Brice, who was herself the mother of a large family, “what could *she* do, I wonder? Whilst we live in the world, we must mix with the world; and the petty savings she could have made by any system of more rigid economy, at a time when her young people were forming connections, and getting out in the world, could not overbalance the remarks to which she would have subjected them—indeed such conduct would have injured her husband’s credit, and brought on his ruin sooner.”

“So much the better,” said several gentlemen; but the lady continued her assertions.

“Say what you please, but there are a thousand little things one must do, and must have, which, strictly speaking, are not necessary—every wife must seek to sustain her husband’s credit; every mother must set off her children, and see them maintain their due rank in society; to my own knowledge, Mrs. Williams was a good manager, and never spent a guinea, or ventured on any ex-

tra expenditure, but where is was *imperatively* called for.”

“The warmth and feeling with which this was uttered, by a woman who was a model of propriety in her own conduct, silenced, even where it did not convince, and murmuring sounds of pity were succeeding those of blame, when a cynical bachelor who had not yet spoken, cried out in a tone yet more decisive than the lady’s,

“Fiddle fiddle!—there is nothing *imperative* but *duty*.” * * *

“The party around, and indeed the whole circle of their acquaintance, would have said poor Elderton, a confirmed bachelor, with harsh features, repelling voice, stiff curled queue wig, full suit of buckram-lined brown, and a whole train of foreign peculiarities, and unbending *brusquerie* about him, was the last man on earth to attach a child—especially a child of Maria’s description; a gay, spoilt, laughter-loving little Hebe, with all the naiveté and untamed drollery of a wild Irish girl, tempered alone by that ardent sensibility of nature, and enthusiastic love of her parents, which might be supposed to render the cold lessons and severe countenance of her grave friend peculiarly appalling.”

“It is, however, certain, that no previous circumstance or conversation had ever induced so many reflections in Maria’s mind, as those of the present evening, and there were times when she was on the point of saying to her mother—“Why have we only two men instead of five? and two horses instead of four?—is it the custom in England for gentlemen to have counting-houses, instead of hunting parties, or are we beginning to be poor like Mr. Williams?” but unbounded tenderness and intuitive delicacy forbade her to speak, and she happily turned her meditations to those objects in her own education, which a prudent and elegant mother was constantly pointing out to her attention.”

Mr. Falconer, the father of Maria, had been a rich country gentleman, in the north of Ireland; very early in life he married a lovely orphan, scarcely sixteen years of age, who brought him a large sum of money, and an estate in Wales. The society of his amiable wife, the pleasures of the chase, and the management of his estates, for a time engrossed all attention; but, by degrees, a passion for *improvement* assumed so alarming an ascendancy over him, that, to use the words of our author, “there was no fatigue too great for him to encounter, no scheme too wild for him to adopt, if it forwarded his end; and, by the same rule, no expense too exorbitant for him to adventure.”

As might be expected, he succeeded in *improving away* all his immense landed property in Ireland, and he is compelled to come to England to reside. Here he enters into partnership with two mercantile gentlemen, and speculates in the iron trade, by which means he becomes finally ruined—his wife’s estate, and even her jointure, having all been sacrificed to his wild and extravagant schemes. At this period, Maria Falconer had attained her twentieth year,

and, both parents having carefully concealed from her the state of their affairs, she had hitherto been surrounded by every luxury and indulgence, likely to be accorded to an only child by those who were apparently possessed of an elegant independency. A lovely and accomplished girl, so circumstanced, might well be supposed to be stunned by the sudden and terrible intelligence that utter ruin awaited herself and all most dear to her—

“Yet, when the stupor occasioned by this blow somewhat subsided, Maria was sensible that her mind was formed to endure—that she had not less fortitude and energy than sensibility, and she endeavoured to recall that vigour of spirit which she was sensible of possessing at a period when her understanding was less mature than now.”

Maria forms the resolution of sacrificing all her own feelings and affections for the sake of her parents, and determines to support herself and them by an employment which every one would suppose incompatible with her sex, age, or condition in life: this is no other than to sell iron by retail to small manufacturers. We quote part of a conversation, in which she makes known this resolution to her principal friend and companion:—

“I have been for many weeks an attentive listener to every conversation which has passed on subjects connected with business, and I find that all the poorer masters in our great manufacturing town, labour under great disadvantages for want of a medium betwixt them and the iron masters, and I have heard it repeatedly observed, “that if any decent workman would have the resolution to save his wages till he had obtained thirty or forty pounds, he might begin the trade with a certainty of thriving, provided he gave no credit, and was content with a moderate constant profit.”

“But, my dear Maria, that which a labouring man might indeed do well, and profitably, cannot be done by a young, delicate, pretty woman—a lady too, whose birth, education, and habits, render her utterly unfit for such employment—one, too, who possesses talents which she can consistently employ to advantage in the occupations becoming a gentlewoman.”

“I know all you would urge, dear Ellen, for I really believe, that whilst I laid upon that bed I have had more subjects of thought, more recollections, cogitations, and deductions, than the whole lives of many women present—my conclusions have not been made in consequence of sudden impulse, but deep examination. In the first place I thought of obtaining a situation resembling yours, but that I instantly rejected, since it would only enable me to provide for myself—besides, let me confess my pride, the long indulgence accorded to an only child, and still more the independence of my nature, renders me unfit for servitude, even in its most ameliorated shape.”

“But you might teach without entering a family.”

“Not to any sufficient purpose—music lessons are now confined to the harpsichord,

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and on that you know I do not excel, having in despite of fashion, ever adopted my own native Irish harp; and, for the reason I gave you before, you will perceive that it would be easier for me to live amongst the poor, than receive from the rich, and especially the low and purse-proud, that remuneration they would feel pain to give, and I should feel more pain to receive."

"But your exquisite voice, your elegant person, Maria! I cannot bear to think you should be wasted, lost to society."

"Yet even you, Ellen, would not like to see me on the stage; though, had I been brought up to it, in a pecuniary point of view it might have answered—never let my mother know that it even passed our minds. I have, in short, *determined* to try *iron*, and nothing else. It has been the ruin of my family, and ought to make amends—it has swallowed house and land, and should therefore find bread and lodging, which is all I now presume to hope for."

In spite of all the obstacles, trials, and sufferings, to which such a scheme necessarily subjects her, this amiable daughter perseveres in her humble and laborious employment, and succeeds in placing her parents above the reach of want; this once accomplished, she still struggles on to maintain their independence, and, after enduring many hardships and encountering almost every trial to which a tender and affectionate female can be exposed, she finds herself at the head of one of the first mercantile concerns in the kingdom. The wealth so honorably acquired, she wisely and benevolently applies to the comforts or wants of all around her. Upon the death of her father, which happens before she attains her thirtieth year, her sole attention is directed to her bereaved mother, whom she places in the midst of that affluence of which she had so long been deprived, and surrounds her with every luxury and comfort. We feel that we have already exceeded our limits in the notice we have given of this little tale, and the extracts we have made from it; but we wished to enable our readers to form some opinion of its merits, and, as we have presented them with part of the first chapter, we will now close our review with the final remarks of the author:—

"We hope that, although the history of our heroine is brought down to that period when woman ceases to charm, if not to interest, yet that some of our readers, aware of her inestimable worth, and that mental energy, and acute, but well-regulated, sensibility which preserves the mind and the heart undecayed by time, unwithered by age, are desirous to know, 'if Maria is yet alive.'"

"To such we answer, she yet lives, in the best sense of the word, enjoying health, practising every active virtue, and receiving from a wide circle daily proofs of honour, gratitude, and affection; and at sixty enjoys the rare comfort 'of rocking the cradle of declining age' to that beloved parent who is still likely to enjoy life a few years longer. They are surrounded by

"* This tale is founded on facts."

the young who love them, the old who respect them, the poor who bless them. Mrs. Maria, released from the trammels of business, enjoys her leisure with a zest those who have never known the restraints of employment cannot well imagine, and frequently surprises her friends (who know how much her time is occupied by her mother and the various classes who seek her advice or assistance) by the works she has lately read, the lessons she has bestowed on little Frank Ingalt, or the daughter of Mrs. Trevannion, whom she looks upon as her grandchildren.

"With these lessons, which are only the outward adornments of the structure, it will be readily believed that such a woman never fails to inculcate the pure precepts of religious morality, the true heroism of self-renunciation—the wisdom of integrity, the dignity of self-control, and the necessity many situations in life present for acting with firmness, resolution, and perseverance. Her mind stored by observation, and mellowed by time, she yet seldom touches on this subject without earnestly entreating her hearers to guard themselves from mistaking obstinacy of temper, for firmness of mind—to remember, that in early life submission and obedience are virtues more generally demanded than those of a sterner character, and that woman through life is generally called upon to practise them.—"Yet," she will add, "woman, as an intellectual and accountable being, gifted with reason and capable of exertion, the first guide of man's infancy, the general influencer of his youth, and the companion of his manhood, ought to be no stranger to the importance of any virtue demanded by our common nature: and, whether relatively or individually considered, cannot fail to find that her virtue and her happiness must depend on her *Decision!*"

Mounteney's Historical Inquiry into the Principal Circumstances and Events relative to the late Emperor Napoleon.

(Continued from p. 738.)

HAVING already stated the general character of Mr. Mounteney's work, and pointed out the qualifications the author brings to the task of investigation, we shall now, without further notice, proceed to some of the historical doubts as to Napoleon's character and conduct, which are so ably and so industriously cleared up by Mr. Mounteney. We are, however, somewhat surprised, that this gentleman should stop to inquire whether or not Moreau was a patriot or a traitor, when he took up arms against France, and fought under the banners of the allies. Napoleon was at that time *de facto*, Emperor of France, and the very allied powers, long after, opened negotiations with him at Chatillon, in which he was recognised as such; a person of our author's acuteness can therefore have no difficulty of settling a question like this, which he does very satisfactorily.

Napoleon has been abused for his choice of friends, Mr. M., however, proves, that

during the greater part of his existence, he did not make particular friends of any person, and that if in his later days he did form any intimacies, and in this even erred, he was not the sole monarch who committed an error in this respect. Mr. M. proves the truth of his remarks by some curious instances, but, we confess, we think the genius of Sheridan was an apology so ample for royal friendship, that a prince ought to be excused for the association.

Another charge brought against Napoleon by The New Times (for, be it recollected, it is against the charges and philippics of this journal that Mr. Mounteney's work is directed), is, that he was 'an accomplished blackguard.' 'Persons who live in glass houses should not throw stones,' the proverb says, and certainly Mr. M. has a severe retort on the editor, in the Bonaparte-phobia, published by Mr. Hone.

The case of the Duc D'Enghien is one into which our author enters at great length, and here, as in many other cases, not to prove Bonaparte wholly guiltless, but to show that he has not been without examples before him; he acknowledges the violation of neutral territory in arresting the duke, but produces similar instances on the part of Prussia, in the case of the Baron de Trenck; of Austria, in the case of M. Maret (afterwards Duke of Bassano) and M. Sermonville; and the still more atrocious outrage on the French diplomatists at Rastadt, and of the English government, in seizing Napper Tandy, at Hamburgh. On the subject of the duke's death, Mr. M., after showing that the fiat of his execution was not given by Murat or Napoleon, says:—

'From whom, then, did the Duke d'Enghien receive the blow which cut short the thread of his existence?—We know not; but we know the cause,—we know the individuals who brought the gallant d'Enghien to the brink of that grave into which the touch of a feather was scarcely needed to precipitate him. The revolution,—the turbulence of the times,—the fears of the consular government, engendered the evil;—it was consummated by a cloud of inferior agents, who, hurried away by a criminal zeal, did not wait to be ordered, before they accomplished what their own vile minds represented to them would prove agreeable to their master: it was consummated by the Duke of Rovigo, who, when applied to by one of his inferior officers for a detachment to shoot the prince, did not give himself even the trouble to inquire on whose solicitation the detachment was required, but, with no greater ceremony than if the life of a dog had been concerned, granted, without investigation, that which was demanded without right;—it was consummated by this M. de Rovigo, who, when the Duke d'Enghien, in the agony of despair, made a request, in court, to have an interview with the First Consul, basely took upon himself to tell the president of that court that the request of the prisoner was misplaced (*inopportune*):—it was consummated by the very self-same M. de Rovigo, who, on Count Hulin's writing, after the trial, to the First

Consul in behalf of the prisoner, took from his hand the pen which solicited mercy, and told him whose voice had just condemned a fellow-creature, that his business was at an end, and that with him (Rovigo) the affair then rested;—it was consummated by the president of the court-martial, Count Hulin, who permitted himself to be advised, in the performance of his duty, by one having no more right to offer an opinion than the greatest stranger to the trial could have;—it was consummated by Count Hulin, who suffered the brightest prerogative of the judge to be snatched from him at a moment when it became doubly precious, and allowed himself to be swayed by an unfeeling intruder;—it was consummated by Count Hulin, who, with an imbecility which we should scarcely expect to hear related of an idiot, sat himself down when the life of a man was in jeopardy, with the assurance—no, not with the assurance,—with the impression only on his mind, that another mortal would do for the prisoner what he (Hulin) ought to have done himself;—it was consummated by the seven officers composing the court, who, with an ignorance that will transmit their names with eternal infamy to posterity, did not, one and all, object to perform what, in every step they took, from their want of knowledge, they must have felt they were wholly incompetent to execute;—it was consummated by those who, carried away by their own ungenerous alarms, did not feel the shame of affixing their signatures to a decree which gave birth to an inefficient tribunal;—it was consummated by those counsellors who, bold only in wickedness and strong only in vice, took upon themselves the awful responsibility of advising the violation of an independent country, without first trying the efficacy of a less rigorous measure;—it was consummated by Napoleon, who suffered the biased sentiments of his ministers to confirm his own opinions, and who, unwittingly the tool of ignoble souls, finally availed himself of a force which ought solely to have marched in honourable pursuit, for the dastardly work of entrapping a prince whom, if innocent, he had no right to molest, and, if guilty, might surely have been prevented from committing any act by which his safety could have been endangered.

'To one and all of these persons, whatever their rank, whatever their stations, we ascribe the early close put to the gallant d'Enghien's career; let each bear his portion of the reproach, but let not justice be transformed into its opposite extreme, and the guilt of many be heaped, as the editor of the New Times fails not to do, upon the head of one. We endeavour not to screen Napoleon; we repeat, let only each agent in the havoc take the share which belongs to him, and the unprejudiced mind, we are confident, will not hesitate in deciding with whom, out of the number that sought the ruin of the best of the Bourbons, the greatest blame remains.

'Napoleon carried with him to the sepulchre the sting that knows no relief; the

death of the Duke d'Enghien was the most reprehensible act of his reign, and, like that of our second George to Byng, and of our first Charles to Stafford, can never be wholly defended, although it may admit of palliation.'

There is no part of Mr. Mounteney's work in which he is more successful than in his defence of Ney; he shows, and that most incontestably, that when he marched out to oppose the return of Napoleon, he had not the power of doing so, by the defection of his troops. It was not until he was told that his van-guard had deserted, and that his park of artillery had been seized, that he exclaimed, 'It is impossible for me to stop the waters of the ocean with the palm of my hand,' and, catching the universal enthusiasm, declared for Bonaparte. That Ney was murdered by a tortuous construction of a convention that ought to have saved him, we hesitate not to assert:—

'The result of the trial, if such the mockery could be called, was easy to be foreseen; but those, even, who could anticipate the verdict, could not forbear expressing their disgust at the gross partiality which marked the proceedings. It was in vain that Ney declared the text of the 12th article was so complete on the score of protection, that he entirely relied on it;—that, but for this stipulation, he would have preferred dying sword in hand; that he had remained in France solely on the faith of it; that it was in direct contradiction to a written agreement that he had been arrested. Whenever the marshal, in his own person, or through his counsel, M. Berryer, was desirous of urging these, or any other topics drawn from the document agreed to by the allied generals, he was directly silenced by the attorney-general and the court, who would hear nothing but what they themselves thought fit to be related; and so fixed were these upright judges in this determination, that, on the Prince d'Eckmühl being requested to state the sense in which the provisional government had acceded to the capitulation, and more particularly to that important feature in it, promising security to every individual, the president of the sitting instantly rose, and made known that, by virtue of the discretionary power reserved in him, he was bound to declare, that the question touching the 12th article could not be put. Where would, in England, be the reputation of the judge, who, on a prisoner calling for that information which was either, by its production, to save his life, or, by its absence, to cause its forfeiture, should, forgetting alike his duty of Christian, magistrate, and man, interpose his authority but to subvert the ends of justice, and to take from the culprit the only possible means which existed for defending his days? Would not such another Jeffries be doomed to everlasting execration? The French Chamber of Peers was not, however, to be balked of its victim by any scruples of conscience. The subservient majority of this subservient assembly thirsted for Ney's blood, and, right or wrong, was determined in having

its thirst slaked in gore. Ney, unable to defend himself, was sentenced to undergo the death of a traitor. He had too often braved the king of terrors on the field, to dread, at any time, his approach. After various fruitless attempts on the part of his friends to save him, he was, in four and twenty hours after his condemnation, conveyed a few paces without the garden of the Luxembourg Palace, and there judicially butchered by a company of those very soldiers who, had each of their hairs been lives, would but a few short weeks before have ventured them all, for the glory of defending the marshal. Thus died the Prince of the Moskowa, "the bravest of the brave."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Narrative of an Excursion to the Mountains of Piedmont, and Researches among the Vaudois, or Waldenses, &c. By the Rev. W. S. GILLY, M. A. 4to. pp. 424. London, 1824.

CANT and bigotry are the prevailing vices of the age; though widely different, yet we scarcely know how to decide which is the most censurable. Pope, though himself a Roman Catholic, set the example of religious toleration and liberality of sentiment in his famous couplet:—

'For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.'
Yet how few Protestants or Papists will acknowledge this doctrine. Mr. Gilly is at least not one of them, for a more intolerant and uncharitable Christian, writer we mean, we have seldom met with. He, indeed, 'damns all churches but his own,' or at least we are sure he would do, if occasion served; but, in the present instance, the weight of his fury falls on the Roman Catholics, whom he compares to the Gentiles of old and to the Pagans; his intolerance is, however, the only original feature in his work, for the world need not be told that the Waldenses cradled Protestantism, and that they maintain it, though surrounded by Roman Catholic communities. As, however, Mr. Gilly is among the most recent travellers in a country which is very little travelled, we shall give an extract; it relates to his interview at Pomaretto, one of the Vaudois villages, with Rodolph Peyrani, the Moderator. He says:—

'We were obliged to leave our carriage at Perosa, and to proceed on foot to Pomaretto. With a young peasant as our guide, we set out, all impatience, to visit the first Vaudois village in the valley of Perosa. This valley extends to that of Pragela, which was formerly one of the Protestant valleys, is intersected by the valleys of San Martino, and is inserted in most of the old maps as La Valle di Clusone, because it is divided along its whole length by that river. The Protestants are confined to the western side of the Clusone. At the point where we crossed it, near the confluence of the Germanasca, it is an impetuous body of water, which divides itself into a variety

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of channels and rushes over masses of rock that are brought down by the torrents from the mountains, and lie in strange confusion in every part of its bed. We could not have passed over less than half a dozen wooden bridges, in the space of about three hundred yards; some of them intended for the use of the foot passenger only, and others thrown over the stream for mules and cattle.

After walking half an hour or more, the village of Pomaretto discovered itself, and, seen as it was in its wintry aspect, never did a more dreary spot burst upon the view. It is built upon a declivity, just where the mountains begin to increase in height and number, with rocks above and torrents below. There is such a scene of savage disorder in the immediate vicinity of Pomaretto, that one would imagine it had been effected by the most violent convulsions of nature; huge fragments of rock encumber the ground on all sides, and it seems as if the mountains must have been rent asunder to produce so much nakedness and desolation. The street which we slowly ascended was narrow and dirty, the houses, or rather cabins, (were) small and inconvenient; and poverty, in the strictest sense of the word, stared us in the face at every step we took. In vain did we cast our eyes about, in search of some better-looking corner, in which we might descry a habitation fit for the reception of the supreme pastor of the churches of the Waldenses. The street was every where no better than a confined lane. At length we stood before the presbytery of M. Peyrani, for by this name the dwellings of the ministers are known. But, in external appearance, how inferior to the most indifferent parsonages in England, or to the humblest manse in Scotland. Neither garden nor bower enliven its appearance, and scarcely did it differ in construction or dimension from the humble cottages by which it was surrounded.

The good old man seems to have been fully conscious how much the Protestant world was to the Waldenses:—

“Remember,” said the old man, with conscious and becoming pride, “remember that you are indebted to us for your emancipation from papal thralldom.—We led the way,—we stood in the front rank, and against us the first thunderbolts of Rome were fulminated. The baying of the blood-hounds of the inquisition was heard in our valleys before you knew its name. They hunted down some of our ancestors, and pursued others from glen to glen, and over rock and mountain, till they obliged them to take refuge in foreign countries. A few of these wanderers penetrated as far as Provence and Languedoc, and from them were the Albigenes, or heretics of Albi. The province of Guienne afforded shelter to the persecuted Albigenes. Guienne was then in your possession.—From an English province our doctrines found their way into England itself, and your Wickliffe

preached nothing more than what had been advanced by the ministers of our valleys four hundred years before his time. Whence, (continued my aged informant, with increased animation,) came your term Lollards, but from a Waldensian pastor, Walter Lollard, who flourished about the middle of the thirteenth century? And the Walloons of the Low Countries were nothing more than a sect, whose name is easily found in a corruption of our own. As for ourselves, we have been called heretics, and Arians, and Manicheans, and Cathari,—but we are like yourselves, a church built up in Christ,—a church with the discipline and regular administration of divine service, which constitutes a church. We have adhered to the pure tenets of the apostolic age, and the Roman Catholics have separated from us. Ours is the apostolical succession, from which the Roman hierarchy has departed, rather than ourselves. We are not only a church by name and outward forms, but a church actually interested by faith in Jesus Christ, the Corner-stone.”

These are the most favourable passages we can select from the work of Mr. Gilly, who is as supercilious as he is intolerant, and there is no redeeming quality in the style of his meagre but expensive work.

The Remains of Robert Bloomfield, author of the Farmer's Boy, &c. &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1824.

AN author like poor Bloomfield, who wrote for bread, and to whom ‘sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof,’ could not be expected to leave many specimens of his talents, worth printing after his death; and yet we are so anxious to possess every thing that relates to a man of genius, and particularly an unschooled genius like Bloomfield, that there are few people who will not be pleased with these volumes: particularly the youthful part of the public, for whom there are several suitable articles. We have, however, only room for one extract, which we quote, as giving a favourable specimen of Bloomfield's humour:—

‘SONG.

‘Tune—*Ligoran Cosh.*

‘The man in the moon look'd down one night,
Where a lad and his lass were walking;
Thinks he, there must be very huge delight
In this kissing and nonsense-talking:
And so there must 'tis a well known case,
For it lasts both late and early.
So they talk'd him down, till he cover'd his face,
—They tired his patience fairly.

Then up rose the sun in his morning beams,
And push'd back his nightcap to greet them;
Says he,—“As you boast of your darts and flames,

My darts and my flames shall meet them.”
He scor'd them both through the live-long day,

But they never once seem'd to mind him,
But laugh'd outright, as he skulk'd away,
And left a dark world behind him.

Then the man in the moon look'd down in a pet,
And said, “I believe I can cure you;

Though my brother has fail'd, I may conquer yet—

If not, I must try to endure you.
Go home,” he cried, “and attend to my rules,
And banish all thoughts of sorrow;
Then jump into bed, you couple of fools,
And you 'll both be wiser to-morrow.”

The following epigram is also worth quoting: Bloomfield says—

‘At the time of the illuminations for Nelson's victory, I thought if I had the means to have sported a transparency, I might have quibbled thus:—

Duncan, Jervis, and Howe,

What say you all now—

(For by you were our triumphs begun:)

In the midst of alarms,

You fought well with *both* arms—

But Nelson has beat them with *one*!

“I remember, too, beginning a song on that subject:

Old Nile lately cried from his seven-mouth'd bed,

“Can such echoes proceed from a cloud?

For ages I've roll'd, and my banks overspread,
But never heard thunder so loud,” &c.

We ought to add, that these volumes are published in order to serve the family of poor Bloomfield; on such an occasion, who would not patronize them?

The Fruits of Experience; or, Memoirs of JOSEPH BRASBRIDGE. Written in his 80th and 81st Years. Second edition, with considerable additions. 8vo. pp. 325. WE believe we acted the part of critical accoucheur to Mr. Brasbridge's work, of which we spoke in terms of great commendation. The author, who is designated by a friend of ours as the Horace Walpole of Fleet Street, is an honest John-Bull sort of man, with a keen eye for observing the world, and a very off-hand and straight-forward way of declaring his opinions. Loyal to the backbone, he is the foe of all democrats and demagogues, and of Mr. Waithman in particular. His work abounds with interesting and original anecdotes, the truth of which is unquestionable, and in the present edition there are numerous additions, including some tributes of approbation to the first edition, and a portrait of the author. We shall probably, on a future occasion, glean a few anecdotes from the volume; in the mean time, we heartily recommend it to the public.

Education at Home; or, a Father's Instructions: consisting of Miscellaneous Pieces for the Instruction and Amusement of Young Persons from Ten to Twelve Years of Age. pp. 246. London, 1824.

ALTHOUGH we would not altogether interdict fairy tales and stories, we are not among those who regret that of late years a new walk has been opened in juvenile literature, and that books written for children have aimed at conveying useful instruction, and directed their attention to objects really worthy of it. The reputation of such once-famed histories as Tom Thumb, Cinderella, &c., have latterly been much on the decline; but they have maintained their fame

as long as many more ponderous tomes, whose very titles are now nearly forgotten. We are of opinion that children are not to be treated quite as irrational beings, or as if they were incapable of relishing any thing but the supernatural and absurdly marvellous. Their curiosity cannot be too early rendered subservient to the purposes of instruction, and excited towards objects of real information: nor are any works better adapted for the purpose than those in which moral and intellectual knowledge is conveyed in a familiar manner. To this class belongs this little book, which consists of a variety of conversations between a father and his two sons; interspersed with some narratives and other miscellaneous pieces. We can safely recommend it, not only to children, but to many parents, who may learn from it how to avail themselves of the opportunities of conveying knowledge, which daily and hourly occur. Of this, the two pieces entitled *The Cost of a Breakfast*, and *The Poultry-yard*, may be mentioned as instances. We cannot either characterize or commend this production better than by saying that it deserves a place on the same shelf with the well-known 'Evenings at Home.'

ORIGINAL.

THE NIL-ADMIRARI.

No. IV.

AMONG all the singularities which characterized Lord Byron, none will appear to many persons so extraordinary as his abstemiousness at one period, when, as we are assured by Mr. Dallas, he used to take no more than two plain biscuits, sometimes only one, and a cup of tea, in twenty-four hours. Some, we have no doubt, will esteem this by far the most extravagant and reprehensible part of his conduct: nor will we attempt to vindicate it. His lordship was never very much distinguished by his *amor patriæ*, but this abstemiousness was highly derogatory to his character as an Englishman. It runs quite counter to the good old national creed of roast beef; which, had we time, we could satisfactorily prove to be one of the bulwarks of our constitution. Could the glorious Elizabeth have ever heard of such a diet for a peer of England's realm, how many an oath had such degeneracy elicited from her chaste and royal lips! So long as people confine themselves to mere speculation, and content themselves with preaching up the duty of sobriety, temperance, and self-mortification, over a sirloin of beef or a haunch of venison, at the same time washing down their dry maxims with a bottle or two of generous wine—so long as this is the case, no great harm is done: it is merely amusing and ridi-

culous—a little hypocritical peccadillo, at which we may good-naturedly smile. But putting such principles into practice is a widely different case, and produces the most fatal consequences. We wish not to be thought alarmists; but it is our duty to point out the extensive mischief to society with which such a practice is fraught. To those who dive not so far beneath the surfaces of things as ourselves, it may appear of very little consequence, were all the world to adopt such a regimen as that once practised by his lordship. Some may even imagine that things would go on quite as well and as quietly as they do now,—perhaps even better, could the human race contrive to exist upon air, and altogether explode the practice of eating. Alas! such persons do not perceive that the breaking-up of society would inevitably follow. Good dinners are one of the strongest bonds of fellowship and friendship that link man to his fellow-man: once remove this sacred tie from society, and chaos would come again. How many a man, who is now surrounded at his well-covered table, by friends and admirers, would, in a moment, be bereft of them all. Without a good dinner there could be no *good living*, and good living constitutes the morality of at least one half of the world. The noblest arena, too, of modern eloquence and modern patriotism would then be shut; for it is an undoubted fact, that in the speeches at our public dinners, more patriotic feeling and virtue are displayed in one hour, than any one cares to practise in his whole life. Let ascetics maintain what they please, but virtue stands always higher after dinner than in any other hour out of the whole twenty-four. We then see every thing *coulour de rose*, and even doubt of the existence of those evils at which we railed a short time before. Let us for a moment suppose what would be the result, if, deluded by his lordship's unfortunate example, all the world should take it into their heads to live upon a biscuit and a cup of tea: in the very first place, that most noble branch of the fine arts,—perhaps the very queen of them all—cookery, would be annihilated. And what would become of its numerous and illustrious professors?—where would then be the fame of the immortal Hannah Glasse, and the no less distinguished Mrs. Rundell?—We tremble, too, for the fate of the fair sex; for how contracted would then be the sphere of their domestic duties: not that, at the present day, fashionable wives pique themselves so much on their

notable housewifery as on other accomplishments: indeed, the only dish most of them know how to *dress* at all, is their own persons, but how very few men would marry when they had no longer any occasion for a wife to do the honours of their table. For as to love, let romance-reading and sonnet-inditing young ladies dream what they please, it would hardly exist on such spare diet, except in a very platonic shape. It must be confessed that the expenses of a family would be considerably reduced, at least in the article of food, but this would hardly prove a counterbalancing advantage; since it is to be feared, that the saving in this respect would operate only as a plea for greater extravagance in dress and those minor etcæteras that render a wife so expensive an article.

The ladies, however, would be by no means the greatest sufferers; medical practitioners would have as much reason as any class of society to deprecate the plan of universal abstemiousness. Once remove the indulgence of the table, and nearly all those disorders incident to mankind in a civilized state would disappear: we should then have as little occasion for physicians and apothecaries as a tribe of wild Indians. Neither would the profession of the law fare better, for that glory of our constitution, the game laws, could not be kept up in a society of Pythagoreans, and then adieu to poaching, trespasses, and a host of litigations. By suffering poaching, that admirable school for felony, to fall into desuetude, as the lawyers express it, and by very much abridging the necessity for providing a dinner at all, we remove one of the most powerful temptations to crime; and then how are we to fill our prisons, or employ our numerous host of lawyers, and the minor retainers of the law? What, too, is to become of the newspapers, if we thus deprive them of two of their most fertile themes, to wit, trials and executions, and reports of public dinners? Then, instead of feasting our eyes on such delicious paragraphs, as the account of entertainments, abounding with 'a profusion of every rarity that could be procured,' we must be content with such meagre fare as—'Yesterday, Lord A., or the Hon. Mrs. C., gave biscuits and tea to a large party.'—No, believe us, this will never do: such an unprincipled plan for convulsing society, under the sly pretext of practical abstemiousness, is so detestable, that we know not how sufficiently to reprobate it. We should have thought that it could not

have original Chinese and who might the other ne the destruct also to the character; f living on su sibly retain a cestors? N would expir must be ack we are still f dation to w sink. That now distingu soon expire bruisers, ca would becom novated into to which we much pride, verns, from to the lowest out from th succeeded by Lord Byron to answer for very harmles not the man cles of faith; much it was other respect gentlemen w ple, to be pa cravats, and instead of in way,—it is shudder at th ensued from example. An urged his lo infatuation? Yet really, u of horror in ceedingly nat racter of *pat* a quality ha There is som lous in the and very inco if he happens as is said to h great English This is not again withou is one of the dents which a should particu ther would it coming, had rolde, the G guilty of such of belly, or

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have originated with any other than the Chinese and the East India Company, who might wish to substitute tea for all the other necessities of life; not only to the destruction of our social system, but also to the degradation of our national character; for is it to be imagined that, living on such a regimen, we could possibly retain any of the spirit of our ancestors? No: all our remaining spirit would expire; and, degenerate as we must be acknowledged to be at present, we are still far from that point of degradation to which we should infallibly sink. That noble spirit of ferocity that now distinguishes a British mob would soon expire; the race of boxers, bruisers, carmen, and fish-women, would become utterly extinct, or be renovated into dandies. Our gin-shops, to which we rationally point with so much pride, would be closed: our taverns, from that of the City of London to the lowest pothouse, would be blotted out from this cheerful scene, and be succeeded by a horrible blank. Indeed, Lord Byron would have had very much to answer for: as to his scepticism, it was very harmless in comparison: he was not the man to overturn creeds and articles of faith; but when we consider how much it was the fashion to copy him in other respects,—how many unhappy gentlemen were seduced by his example, to be painted, *à la Byron*, without cravats, and to write prose in stanzas, instead of inditing it in the common way,—it is not without reason that we shudder at the miseries that might have ensued from the contagion of such an example. And what was the motive that urged his lordship to such a piece of infatuation?—the horror of corpulency. Yet really, upon reflection, this species of horror in the noble bard seems exceedingly natural, for, neither in his character of *patito* or of poet, would such a quality have been at all desirable. There is something exceedingly ridiculous in the idea of a corpulent lover, and very inconvenient withal, especially if he happens to fall down upon his knees, as is said to have been the case with the great English Roman historian (N. B. This is not a bull), and cannot rise again without assistance. Corpulency is one of those anti-sentimental accidents which a *homme à bonnes fortunes* should particularly guard against. Neither would it have at all been more becoming, had the author of *Childe Harold*, the *Giaour*, and *Manfred*, been guilty of such a solicism as a rotundity of belly, or of visage*. It is easy to

* According to his portraits, the *penseroso*

conceive that a portly gentleman may write a bacchanalian song, or indite an ode to Dr. Kitchener, but the idea of such a one uttering his poetical melancholy and scepticism, literally *ore rotundo*, is ludicrous enough. We are, therefore, sincere, when we say that we think obesity would have been one of the greatest misfortunes that could possibly have befallen Lord Byron. Who knows, too, but that, in order to remove it, he might have had recourse to drinking vinegar, and that would hardly have improved his style.

In itself, corpulency is certainly no vice: in some men it may be reckoned a virtue; but even virtue itself may be misplaced; or rather, it is only relative. So that, although the quality of which we have been speaking, may be highly becoming in a justice of peace (for which we have Shakspeare's particular authority), in a *bon-vivant*, a Greek professor, a London alderman, or one of Ambrose's good fellows,—in a poet, particularly of the higher order, it would be quite contrary to the *το περρον*, and to all established rule; and we are tempted to exclaim—

‘Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi.’

THE THIRTY-FIRST OF AUGUST.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—Whatever you do, travel not from London by a stage-coach on the thirty-first of August; for of all the days in the year it is the worst for such a purpose; almost as bad as travelling to London from Suffolk or Norfolk by a similar vehicle, two or three days before Christmas, when you will, in all probability, be jammed in with innumerable lots of game, turkeys, chins, and other eatables, packed off as presents to that mart of gormandizers, the metropolis.

My good friend, Plod, having had an invitation for Mrs. P. to visit some relatives in Norfolk, to whom I was not unknown, and important business happening to prevent his going, he fairly intrusted his dear and better half to my guardianship, and started us off by one of the Norwich coaches, on the morning of the above unfortunate day. The lady was, of course, inside, and your humble servant on the roof. On leaving London we were not particularly overloaded, but at *Stratford-le-Bow* a whole group of puppies, with their dogs and

lover of Madonna Laura must, however, have fed on some more substantial diet than sighs, and hopes, and amorous desires,—or even books. He looks quite robustious: but *exceptio probat regulam*.

guns, were to be taken up. Remonstrance was vain, for they were evidently friends of *coachee*, and, room or not, they must go; the stowage of this precious lot of combustibles was a work of no small difficulty; the four gentlemen, and their more sensible companions the pointers, were made outside passengers of; and the four guns were placed inside, *crosswise* at the back of the passengers, who soon imitated the position of the fire-arms, and became as *crass* as them; and no wonder. The occupants of the interior of the coach were all females, and seemingly agreed with poor Mrs. Plod in the good, safe, and ancient belief that guns may go off, loaded or not; and this comfortable fancy so upset their nerves, that the remainder of their journey was perfectly miserable: and mine was little better, for sitting, as I did, just over Mrs. Plod's head, and my coat-flap hanging conveniently against the window, it was tugged at, upon each shifting of the guns (which was at every jolt of the coach, and much to the annoyance of the ladies' heads and bonnets), when I was called upon to remonstrate with the knight of the whip. I attempted this; but I might as well have held a palaver with an infuriated savage chieftain, either African or American. *He could not help it—did not care—the guns must go—and all that sort of thing.*

While these uncomfortable feelings were operating on the insides, the dogs and their owners were operating in a different way on the outsides; two of the canines were placed on the roof, to be out of the way, and, by the swaying of the vehicle, were every now and then thrown bump against the backs of the possessors of the front and back seats, as the case might be, much to the annoyance of their *upper-benjamins*; one dog totally spoiled my next neighbour's coat, by an unmentionable circumstance, who thereupon swore (not in the gentlest terms), that he would bring an action, either against the owner of the dog, or the proprietors of the coach, he could not tell which, but should leave that to his *man of business*, meaning, I suppose, his attorney; (lawyers have a finger in every thing now-a-days.) Occasionally, as a sort of variety, one of the dogs would slip over the side of the coach, to the great risk of his own, and the passengers' necks; and for this unavoidable accident, his humane master would inflict upon him a sound flogging, which led to a howling of an hour's duration. Cards were exchanged between him of the spoiled

coat and him of the dog and gun; but I have not yet heard either of a duel or of an *action upon the case*, arising out of such exchange.

These amusements, together with a jibbing horse, and the running foul of a waggon, served to keep our blood in circulation till we reached the town of —, about fifteen miles on this side of Norwich; and glad enough was I to take leave of travelling companions—bipeds and quadrupeds; as Cocker says, we—

'Parted without the least regret,
Except, that we had ever met.'

For myself, I was tired to death, and half-starved, having had no opportunity of taking even a sandwich on the road, owing to the horrified state of Mrs. Plod's feelings, who had charge of the basket of provisions intended for our journey; and who, being too frightened to eat herself, never recollected that I might be hungry.

But I now consoled myself by thinking that I was in the land of hospitality, and at the door of Mr. Gunstone, a substantial farmer, and that farmer my friend. Now comes another reason, Mr. Editor, why you should avoid travelling *from* London on the thirty-first of August: our friend Gunstone is a keen sportsman, and when we were shown into the parlour, there was he surrounded with double and single-barrelled guns; locks, stocks, barrels, ramrods, screws, &c. &c. were spread on every table and chair, in the most glorious confusion, together with powder, shot, belts, powder-horns, dog-whistles, and, in short, all the paraphernalia of a shooter; while all the best places by the fire were occupied either with something he was drying and airing, or by his pointers, who seemed, by their sniffing and their significant looks, to know very well what their master was about.

At any other time, I am quite sure this man would as soon have thought of making *game* of his friends, as of neglecting them; but his ruling passion was so strong upon him at this moment, that he treated us as if we were next-door neighbours, and had just called in with a *how-d'ye-do*, instead of half-famished travellers, who had come about one hundred miles, *fast* and *fasting*. He welcomed us, to be sure, with, 'Ah! Mrs. Plod, glad to see you;' 'what, Crockery, my boy, you there?—Well, sit down, don't mind me,—must get ready for the first, you know; shall be off by day-light, with old Sureshot, to some famous preserves fifteen miles

off; but don't mind me,—sit down, make yourselves quite at home; Mrs. Gunstone is gone to market to-day, instead of me, but she'll be home by nine, and then we shall be snug.' So saying, on he went with his preparations for the *preserves*, caring but little for the *pickle* we were in.

To cut a long story short, Mrs. Plod was so ill, that she made an apology for going to bed, begging that a little water-gruel might be sent up to her; and I waited with the best grace I could (though I should have been glad of some dinner without any grace at all,) till nine o'clock, and Mrs. Gunstone arrived, when I paid my respects to that lady, and a *cold spare-rib* at the same time.

After this we spent a pleasant fortnight with the Gunstones, and came home loaded with game and good wishes; but, for all that, '*never to travel on the thirty-first of August*,' is one of the maxims of CROCKERY, JUN.

THE SPOILED CHILD.—A SKETCH.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Of all the insects of society which sting a man without deeply wounding him, perhaps a spoiled child is the worst. In most other cases, you are equally pitied; even the numerous race of coxcombs who infest our rooms keep within certain boundaries, beyond which the rules of society will not allow them to pass. They may weary, or annoy, or half insult you, but they observe the form, though they violate the spirit, of those laws which enable us to differ without disputing, and oppose without offence. But if children torment you to distraction, there is no check on their behaviour: the parents excuse it from their want of knowing better, and seem determined to let them continue in their ignorance; for, even when they chide, it seems rather a tribute paid to decency than a correction intended to reform.

Numbers also are against you; you have seldom more than one adult antagonist, whereas, in opposing these pigmy warriors, you arouse more bulky foes. Should you venture to repress their rudeness, it may free you from their importunities at the expense of your reputation, particularly amongst the ladies. The parents implicitly take part with their offspring, and, notwithstanding their professions, the countenance belies the words; nor do you escape remarks after your departure. The father admits the child was in fault, but thinks there was no occasion for you to notice

it, whilst the mother declares she always believes they have a bad heart who dislike babies. Babies! God save the mark,—a lubberly lout, perhaps, of five or six.

There are some parents so blindly bigotted, that they fare precisely as their visitors; but many can feel themselves who shut their eyes to the inconveniences of others. When any liberties are taken with their own persons, the offenders are often condemned to whipping or banishment; yet they readily overlook the exercise of that rudeness towards others, which they censure so severely when practised upon themselves, and of the two are the worst to visit, for the former divide the burden, but the latter impose it all upon their friends.

As I have never travelled, I know not if the custom be indigenous of introducing children into the room, not only when a friend makes a casual call, but even at set parties. In England, however, it amounts to a grievous drawback on the pleasures of society. If parents adopt it from a vain opinion of their offspring's wit, I entreat them to practice a little self-denial for the sake of their acquaintance; but if they desire to exhibit the fruits of their marriage, I would recommend them to have the portraits of their children painted, and introduce the likeness instead of the reality. These, accompanied with certificates of their birth, would not only answer every purpose, but also encourage the arts.

An acquaintance one day gave me an account of his adventures at an evening party, which, as they are apt to my subject, I shall endeavour to relate in his own words, though, I am fearful, they will hardly sound as well upon paper as they did with the accompaniment of his voice and animated gestures.

'Fancy yourself,' said he, 'in full dress, in a full drawing-room, endeavouring to appear as agreeable as possible, conceiving compliments in the pauses of conversation you had no opportunity of paying, and inventing repartees which no one, unfortunately, would enable you to utter, and you will have an idea of my situation. When, lo! the door opened, and miss, rising six, as the horse-dealers have it, entered the room, and put an end to all my meditations. The novelty of the scene produced a temporary bashfulness, but it was only the modesty of the moment. She quickly resumed her usual behaviour, which was that bold pertness most children of vivacity contract when their liveliness is mistaken for wit, and

praised according to his own
and indiscreetly.
'It would have been late the day she annoyed them over, squabbles for mours or wailing of carpets, that tained; the pelled to his house, and my countenance of woe hasten to me.
'After we tea-parties, coffee, flattered in per phrase, I re The dear li was told) w and, just as my lips, she on my chair her intention her progress verified to spilled over trated on the the compar Some recom fire, lest I sh concerted m gles; and th way of reprim intended for thing, how c
'When can one at a rou indispensable was consigned you by detail ated,—how whilst they those of the l she contrived her, upset th and one of t burnt her fac was carried s
'This, as ed the harm master and m things, and tempers with who had wo that the fish w lost convenie tity of counte lieved it was others stoutly possession of share. At le

praised accordingly, by partial parents and indiscreet friends.

'It would take too much time to relate the disagreeable antics by which she annoyed the company; I shall pass them over, as well as an account of the squabbles for tea and cakes, the clamours or whines when refused, and the soiling of dresses, chair-covers, and carpets, that took place if they were obtained; the ridiculous tales I was compelled to listen to from the lady of the house, and the difficulty I had to adapt my countenance to the proper expression of wonder or admiration: I must hasten to my own disasters.

'After waiting the time usual at set tea-parties, I at last procured a cup of coffee, flattering myself that it would be drunk in peace. But, to use a homely phrase, I reckoned without my host. The dear little creature (at least so I was told) was extremely partial to me, and, just as the cup was journeying to my lips, she endeavoured to spring upon my chair, seized my collar to assist her intention, and touched my elbow in her progress. The old proverb was verified to my cost, the coffee being spilled over my clothes, the cup prostrated on the floor, and the attention of the company directed towards me. Some recommended me to stand by the fire, lest I should take cold; others disconcerted me by unceremonious giggles; and the mistress of the house, by way of reprimand, exclaimed, in a tone intended for anger, "You rude little thing, how could you do so."

'When cards were introduced, I made one at a round game, and as silence is indispensable at a whist table, the brat was consigned to us, but I shall not tire you by detailing the confusion she created,—how often she mixed the cards whilst they were being dealt, or told those of the ladies she sat by; at length she contrived to tilt the table towards her, upset the counters upon the floor, and one of the candles upon herself; burnt her face, waxed her clothes, and was carried shrieking from the room.

'This, as you may suppose, disturbed the harmony of the evening; the master and mistress looked unutterable things, and seemed to restrain their tempers with difficulty. The ladies who had won were extremely vexed that the fish were mixed; some who had lost conveniently forgot the exact quantity of counters they possessed, but believed it was their full number; whilst others stoutly maintained they were in possession of more than their actual share. At length, tired of the alterca-

tion, and foreseeing no end to it, I escaped from the house by pleading an indispensable engagement early in the morning.'

I could write such a homily upon this subject, that it should serve as a vade mecum to parents, but this is not the place for sermonizing. I may, however, recommend them not only to imprint Solomon's maxim upon their memory, but to make it their rule of conduct, for it may be asserted, that 'as sure as snow engenders hail,' so a child, who is spoiled when he is young, will become undutiful when he is old. N—r.

THE AGE.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

'There is a tide in the affairs of men.'

VERILY I believe so, Mr. Editor, and date the high-water mark a few years since, when being 'taken at the turn' by our mad generation, it has led, not 'to fortune and to fair renown,' but to the consummation of a state of things as quintessentially risible in themselves as they are degrading to that nature which by this same turn has degenerated from a masculine into an hermaphroditical existence. Whoever thought the gender of man would become epicene? Whoever thought that man would conspire against the occupations of the softer sex, and become ambitious of wash-tubs and flat-irons?

Attest this metamorphosis, thou miraculous product of boiling water, 'The Patent Steam-Washing Company,' whose operations are conducted under the surveillance of a synod of male professors of the art of purifying foul linen.

Certainly, Mr. Editor, the world has been occasionally amused by an assumption of the petticoat on the part of some venerable dried-up senator, or other imbecile, and these old ladies were charitably tolerated, as much from their scarcity, as from a reminiscence of better things attached to them; but surely none could ever conceive the consequence of this toleration would be the establishment of a company of male laundresses—the foundation of a clout-washing coterie. Illustrious washing-men, how enviable thy sud superiority!

Again:—Who ever thought the aspirations of man would soar to the dignity of becoming *scullions*? and yet, that they have done so, let the disciples of phrenology attest; for, Mr. Editor, according to the *pun-ic* language, a phrenologist means a *scull-ion*, and a phrenologist's catacomb (alias, study) means a scullery, a definition, sir, which proves

my organ of judgment fully developed, and which will render a cook's drab, for the future, an object of uneasiness to these organists. Heaven send, for the sanity of man, that none of this facetious crew may have the organ of philoprogenitiveness too amply revealed: should we, however, be so afflicted, Malthus, or Mr. Perkins's steam-gun, must be brought in operation upon them, or the world will be nothing but a universal Bedlam.

Sir, this invasion of the *fair sex's* territories is mean and cowardly. Do you, sir, as one of the press potentates (some say press-gang, but I hold that sneer in abhorrence), issue a diploma for a squib crusade on these unmanly usurpers, and teach them the shame of their enterprise. O! that the sinewy censor, Johnson, were now in 'this steaming world,' how would the Rambler groan with strictures on these *half-and-half* worthies; how would he, in one half dozen of his inflexible periods, crush the whole band of these lathering and intellectual monstrosities!

I would say something of 'The National Bath Company,' but enough is not sufficiently known yet; their prospectuses have not yet informed us the gender of those who are to superintend the lustrations, but, *à la mode*, we suppose they will be *ni les uns ni les autres*, however, sir, it must be confessed *this* is a very *consistent* method of employing *floating* capital.

It is matter to me, sir, of very great surprise, that, amidst this universal mania for purification and project, none have ever directed their teeming brains to the object which Captain Parry is attempting: it appears to me that a company might be organized for this purpose with very great prospect of success, and if you have any interest in the senate, Mr. E., you will not fail to procure a motion there for the adoption of the following plan:—viz. The great belligerent of this enterprise being frost, to destroy his opposition is the grand object—very well, then, let some of the *discoverers*, who are now so very abundant, be employed to *find out* the centre of the world (Mr. Southey, being in the secrets of a certain place, can, I dare say, procure a search-warrant), and having done so, let them fix a lever agreeably to the instructions of the philosopher, and shift the North Pole so as to bring the rays of the sun in operation upon it. The effect is seen in a minute,—a general thaw, and the passage is effected,—a project so concise, so simple, and requiring so little expense, that I marvel

it has not yet been adopted. A glorious opportunity is here afforded to *red-hot* schemists, for their temperament cannot fail to assist the dissolution. A friend of mine, sir, objects to this plan, on account that its success will evidently turn the world upside down; his objection is overruled, however, by the knowledge, that it will be only effecting *physically* that which the world has *morally* been some time. Your's.

PHILO-FUN.

P.S.—In the election of discoverers for ascertaining the centre, I should recommend that literary Columbus, the editor of a certain gazette, famous for his developements. P.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

ON Thursday, the first stone of a Lecture Room—or, as one of the newspapers has it, 'an edifice, to be used as a theatre for delivering the lectures of the professors'—was laid by Dr. Birkbeck; a bottle was deposited in a cavity of the stone, which, among other precious things, contained a portrait of the said doctor; which will, we are sure, be a great rarity a century hence, though, God knows, hacknied enough at present. Dr. Birkbeck addressed the meeting on the occasion; and the company adjourned to the Crown and Anchor Tavern, where they dined,—the doctor, of course, in the chair. As it is the eve of a general election, when some persons wish to stand well with every body, Mr. Brougham, Alderman Wood, and Mr. Hume attended. Mr. Brougham made a long speech, in which he attributed to Dr. Birkbeck the merit of having laid the basis of the London Mechanics' Institution. Mr. Brougham knew better, Dr. Birkbeck knew better; and the public shall know better, if it does not do so at present. The fact is, that the 'Proposals for a London Mechanics' Institute, were published, and in the hands of thousands, when Dr. Birkbeck, who loses no opportunity of fishing for popularity, wrote a letter to the authors of the plan, boasting what he had done at Glasgow, and offering his services for the formation of the proposed institution: he then, through the same medium, got himself puffed off, week after week; one day we found a vote of thanks to Dr. Birkbeck from some Glasgow mechanics; on another, his praises were celebrated in a sonnet, &c.

So much has the notion been encouraged that Dr. Birkbeck founded the London Mechanics' Institution, that the blunder has found its way into the

Edinburgh Review; we know it could not pass at a public meeting of the mechanics, and we do Dr. Birkbeck the justice to state, that in proposing the health of Mr. Robertson and Mr. Hodgkin, the editors of the Mechanics' Magazine, he acknowledged that with those gentlemen the society had originated.

Mr. Hodgkin, in returning thanks in the absence of Mr. Robertson, corrected the blunder of the Edinburgh Reviewers, and declared that the plan was first suggested by Mr. Robertson; that the proposals for forming the institution were drawn up jointly by Mr. R. and himself, and that, at the time, neither of them knew that Dr. Birkbeck was in London, or even alive! Who now has not heard of Dr. Birkbeck, and to what and to whom is he indebted for his present celebrity or notoriety, or by whatever name it may be called? Why, to the London Mechanics' Institution and to its founders, Joseph Clinton Robertson and Thomas Hodgkin.

Original Poetry.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MATURIN.

AND he is dead that drew
The breath of many a wounded day,
Of watchful nights, alike perchance in hue,
And no voice heard to wail! Shall no hand
strew
Leaves for his fame to sleep on, wearied of its
way.

May not some arm be raised
Unto the banner which he poised so well,
The poet's sign, that from dark times hath
blazed,
Making chill reason stand amazed,
Warmed by the flame he could not quell,—
May not this banner of bright bards be wound,
A winding-sheet of life, betwixt him and the
ground.

The world must hold
An echo of the wonderous things he told;
The pictures he hath wrought,
Forth from the womb of phantoms brought,
Live based on everlasting thought:
All, all that he hath done
Is of the sea and sun!
He (another prophet) saw
A moving hand along the thunder-cloud,
And knew the language of that law,
And read it to a Babylonian crowd:
But men in peril are most proud,
And laugh to scorn
The voice that comes to warn;
And so he died, but not unheard—
Although the meaning of his mighty word
Only to a few was given—
And who that felt the tone, knew how the harp
was riven?

O cold neglect,
And cruel tauntings of the ruffian wind!
Why work ye upon nature's calm and kind,
To rush on deadly waters, whirled and wrecked?
Because the earth be blind,
Is there no blue upon the brow

Of that rich heaven that did endow
Mankind with wisdom, to behold
Glories of earthly and ethereal mould!
But when man darted up to grasp
The fire of sceptred cherubim,

And to his poisoned eyeball clung the wasp,
And all its lighted world was dim,
Day perished not,

Nor the pale patience of the night,—
Only the tear-lit orbs of human sight.

And such the poet's lot—
To have his glorious lineaments forgot;
And when most radiant to be most assailed
As dark, because the mortal gaze hath failed.

And such was thine!
Such, such the lot of many a hand divine,
That with bruised and blighted pen,
Filled with the bosom's living dew,
On the world's green surface drew
The fine similitudes of men,
Such as ne'er again shall press
The earth, made Edenless.

But thou! O wheresoever
Thou sleepest in white dreams at the moon's
foot,

Almost a star!
Or sailest, leaf-like, down heaven's wreckless
river,
Wheresoe'er thou twin'st thy root,
Bending near to man, or far—

O trust
The lightning of our dust,
The flashings of poetic frostless strings;—
O, think that there are things,
Here in the world, whose waxen hearts reveal
The print of thine, and burn religiously,
Their life as on an altar, whereat kneel
The poet-worshippers, that seal
Their knowledge of a dawn to be—
Whose firmest wing shall have a throne for
thee.

For these he held
His course awhile on high, and now lieth felled;
For these he sported on the brink
Of the gray mountain and the shelly shore,
And dared, amid a thoughtless land, to think,
And shook, with heaving heart, the star-chain
which it wore.

The wide wood bowed its sable plumes,
And wrapped him from the following blast;
And ocean found him stretched upon its
tombs:

Where'er he passed,
Some graven tokens rest,
Save only on man's printless breast,
Who looked not upon his dazzling way,
Except to mark if once he turn'd astray!
They deemed not that his flame
Was damped by tears, and so it waved
Unsteady in the sullen gust it braved,
But still ascended whence it came.

Who could be wise,
Holding the reins along such roadless skies?
Yet not with hoary hairs is judgment twined,
But in the senate of the mind
It weighs the worth of age,
And flings to youth the mantle of the sage.

His was a cloak
Made from the pall of buried years, the gold
Of the deep future blazing through each fold;
He spoke

To heaven and to the waters, to the souls
Which beam from every orb that rolls;
And on the snaky storm
That looked down from its battlement,
A glance of answering anger sent.
The giant and the worm,
The infant love of woman

(Life's d
The fevered m
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Of
Pouring
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As on he
Is tremb
Thou, Erin
Not that th
Here in its
Through li
But th
In him so rich
smile,—
That noble
And see the sun
stone.
Nov. 1824.

HEY for the
Hey for t
The sun on
The sky o
In cerule
And nature
Hey for the
Boatman,
Love's flutte
Time's sar
The pledg
That distanc
Hey for the f
Boatman,
For shoal no
The oars p
Through th
And me to m

As on the sho
My thoughts
My thoughts
Where last I
For when I le
Perhaps to se
With thee I ti
And each exc
Thy words sti
Thy anxious c

* Shelley

(Life's down upon the breast of time),
The fevered manhood and the flash of crime,
The veins of misers mad with molten gold,
The helmet and the cowl,
The burning foot-track of a thing not human,
The sun-struck matins and the midnight howl.

Of these he told,
Pouring like a stream along
All the sorceries of song;
And o'er his heart, as on a map,
Linked by fine veins the rosy countries spread—
The heart, now dumb and dead!

What glory next shall time and sorrow sap?
Three * mighty ones lie low,
As struck by a rebounding blow.

One died amid the laughing foam,
And one (an eagle) on a sun-bank perished—
And, lo! a third, begirt with all he cherished,
Is borne from out a desolated home!

And on his grave,
Yet beaming with the vital warmth he gave,
To which the messaged meteor shoots,
The grass already feeds its roots:
So o'er the green and gentle spot,
Wherein a fame that will not rot

Is shut from ears to which he never sung,
There memory shall relume the camp within;
As on her plaintive tongue
Is trembling—'Maturin!'

Thou, Erin, whom he loved, oh! mourn—
Not that the spirit of thy child,
Here in its dungeon so reviled,
Through life's relenting bars hath torn,
But that thine isle

In him so rich, could tempt him scarce to
smile,—

That noble things must live alone,
And see the sun which cheered them turn to
stone.

Nov. 1824.

S. L. B.

THE FERRY.

HEY for the ferry,—oh?

Hey for the ferry!

The sun on the waves is shining;

The sky overhead

In cerulean is spread,
And nature to darkness resigning.

Hey for the ferry,—oh?

Boatman, awaken!

Love's fluttering throb is beating;

Time's sand is expired,

The pledged blessing desired,
That distance may grow into meeting.

Hey for the ferry,—oh?

Boatman, come over!

For shoal nor the eddy tarry;

The oars ply with power

Through the foamy shower,
And me to my dearest carry.

ELLEN MARIA.

TO —.

As on the shore I heedless roam,
My thoughts will often wander home—
My thoughts of thee, and that dear spot,
Where last I heard—"forget me not."

For when I left my native plain,
Perhaps to see it ne'er again;
With thee I tied true friendship's knot,
And each exclaimed—"forget me not."

Thy words still linger on mine ear,
Thy anxious doubts, thy fancied fear,

* Shelley, Byron, Maturin.

'Prove fortune kind, or sad your lot,
Oh, think of me,—"forget me not."

Perchance, beneath an Indian sun
My days may end, my race be run,
Neglected lie, by friends forgot,
Oh, then, I ask,—"forget me not."

R.

The Drama

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

The Siege of Belgrade has been performed at Drury Lane Theatre during the week, in a manner which, even in the absence of Mr. Braham, proves the great strength of the establishment in its operatic department. Mr. Sapio, so favourably known to the public at concerts and oratorios, sustained the part of the Seraskier with great ability: Miss Stephens appeared, for the first time, as Lilla, and executed her songs with that sweetness and power which always distinguish her. Miss Graddon, of whom we spoke very favourably when she made her *debut*, increases rapidly in public favour; she represented Katharine, and sung very prettily. The rest of the opera was well cast.

On Monday, a new melodrama was produced, entitled *Hafed the Gheber, or the Fire Worshippers*. It is taken from Moore's poem, and, though displaying some pretty scenery and good acting, by Wallack, Mrs. West, and Mrs. Waylett, is not a very good spectacle. It was, however, well received, and will, we doubt not, run till Christmas.

Literature and Science.

In the press, the Remains of the Rev. Charles Wolfe, of Trinity College, Dublin; *Progressive Lessons*, by Maria Edgeworth; *The Troubadour*, by L. E. L.; *The Poetical Album, or Register of Modern Poetry, Original and Select*; *A Tale of Paraguay*, by Dr. Southey; and a *Treatise on the Steam-Engine*, by John Farey, Jun.

Currents of the Ocean.—The following notice was picked up at Gunwallow Fishing-Cove, in Mount's Bay on the 12th ult., by a lad named William Chinourth, belonging to that place:

'This bottle was thrown overboard from the James Cropper, Captain Marshall, new on her voyage from Liverpool to New York, in lat. 48 20, north, long. 33 6, west, all well, out twenty-five days, and experienced a succession of southerly gales and bad weather. The purport of this being cast into the sea is to try the current of the ocean, and, therefore, should it reach the land, the persons who find it are requested to make known where and when it was found. C. H. MARSHALL, Captain.'

10 Jan. 1824.

Royal Society.—Tuesday being St. Andrew's Day, the Royal Society met at their

chambers in Somerset House, for the purpose of electing the president, officers, and council for the ensuing year. Sir Humphry Davy read an elaborate and highly interesting report of the council on the progress of natural science during the last twelve months. The society then proceeded to the ballot, and Sir Humphry Davy was unanimously re-elected to the office of president, as were Davies Gilbert, Esq., M.P., and W. T. Brande, Esq., to the offices of treasurer and secretary.

The following is the council for the ensuing year:—Sir H. Davy, Bart., president; William Thomas Brande, Esq., secretary; Samuel Goodenough, Lord Bishop of Carlisle, vice-president; Major Thomas Colby; John Wilson Croker, Esq.; Davies Gilbert, Esq., treasurer, vice-president; Charles Hatchett, Esq., vice-president; Sir Everard Home, Bart., vice-president; John Pond, Esq.; William Hyde Wollaston, M.D., vice-president; Thomas Young, M.D., secretary for. corresp.; William Babington, M.D.; Francis Baily, Esq.; John George Cheldren, Esq.; Viscount Dudley and Ward; Captain H. Kater; Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq.; Alexander MacLeay, Esq.; J. F. W. Herschell, Esq., secretary; Sir T. Stamford Raffles, Knt.; and Edward Adolphus, Duke of Somerset.—This council will continue till St. Andrew's Day, 1825.

The following was the old council:—Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., president; Mr. William Allen; William Thomas Brande, Esq., secretary; Samuel Goodenough, Lord Bishop of Carlisle, vice-president; Major Thomas Colby; Taylor Combe, Esq., secretary, M.A.; John Wilson Croker, Esq.; Davies Gilbert, Esq., treasurer, vice-president; Charles Hatchett, Esq., vice-president; Sir Everard Home, Bart., vice-president; J. Ivory, Esq., M.A.; Sir James MacGregor, Knt.; William Marsden, Esq.; William George Maton, M.D.; Bernard Edward, Duke of Norfolk; John Pond, Esq.; Edward Rudge, Esq.; William Sotheby, Esq.; Henry Warburton, Esq.; W. Hyde Wollaston, M.D., vice-president; and Thomas Young, M.D., sec. for. corresp.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom.		Weather.
				8 o'clock	Noon.	
Nov. 26	37	43	37	29 70		Fair.
.... 27	39	43	40	.. 81		Cloudy.
.... 28	50	54	52	.. 65		Do.
.... 29	50	50	42	.. 30		Fair.
.... 30	46	54	50	.. 33		Rain.
Dec. 1	40	41	33	.. 44		Fair.
.... 2	32	43	40	.. 55		Rain.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Hungry Poacher, the Essay an Albums, with Reviews of Mollie's Colombia, *Hommage aux Dames*, and ten other works in our next.—H. K. in an early No.—Literary Conversations and the Essays of S. C. are under consideration.—L. G. & Cato will find letters at our publisher's.

Works published since our last notice.—Wallad-
mor, 2 vols. 16s. Wanderings of Childe Harold, 3 vols.
21s. Tales of Irish Life, 2 vols. 12s. Rivington's An-
nual Register, 18s. Lectures on Miracles, 8s. Downes's
Poems, 5s. 6d. Livingston's Penal Code for Louisiana,
6s. Mollien's Travels in Columbia, 14s. Starkie's Law
of Evidence, 3 vols. 3l. 6s. Sydney on Appeals, royal
8vo. 14s. Burrigge's Tanners' Key. Palingenesia, the
World to Come, royal 8vo. Hommageaux Dames, 12s.
Blossoms at Christmas, 12s. English Life, or Manners
at Home, 2 vols. 14s. The British Code of Duel, 12mo.
5s. Booker's Lectures on the Lord's Prayer, 12mo. 4s. 6d.

THE NEW TRAGEDY.

This day is published, price 3s. 6d.
RAVENNA; or, ITALIAN LOVE: a
TRAGEDY, in Five Acts, as performed at the Theatre
Royal, Covent Garden
Printed for Geo. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria Lane.

This day is published, in 2 vols. price 12s. boards,
TALES of IRISH LIFE; illustrative of
the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the People:
with Designs by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, engrav-
ed in the best manner by Thompson, Hughes, and
Bonner.

'So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
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